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SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1905.

## Expansion or Contraction.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the lines drawn on Friday night represented the wishes of those who sought to protect private interests, rather than the needs of a community that is suffering greatly from lack of reasonable space. Marshall and Jefferson Wards got all the land that they desired. They even took more than the lines decided upon by the Committee of Character, ordinance and reform.

The lines chosen on Friday night makes a bend in the East End to take in a piece of property which, according to the city engineer, cannot be drained except by going still further eastward. Clay Ward also got a large increase, and apparently Clay, Marshall and Jefferson Wards are satisfied whether present conditions are bettered in other parts of the city or not.

The trouble is that this increase takes in other congested districts and gives no real relief to the conditions of the city generally.

The demand for taking in the northern territory in order that sites might be furnished for manufacturers was met by the ostensible argument that manufacturers preferred being in the county. The fallacy of this reasoning is apparent to anyone who will read the letters which have been published in the Times-Dispatch from manufacturers throughout the Eastern States, as well as those written by Richmond manufacturers, and even without this support it is obvious that no one would locate in Henrico county to-day if he could, by any possibility, go into the city, since the Mayor has undertaken to veto the extension of city conveniences to county residents; a course which we heartily commend, for those who want city conveniences should bear a fair share in their cost. This course of action has left Richmond without a chance of offering a place for future manufacturers to locate unless the increase of 150 feet along the northern border of Bacon's Quarter Branch be considered sufficient for all such purposes, an argument that even the most earnest supporter of the Mills' substitute would not have the temerity to advance. As a matter of fact, this substitute has introduced the possibility of developing Richmond as a manufacturing center. To bring industries here we must have the space within our borders, properly policed and lighted, with fire protection, water and gas, and above all, reasonable proximity to railroads. All of this is offered by the land lying along the Seaboard and Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroads on the northern and western borders of the city, and it is suicidally narrow-minded not to take in this territory to ensure the growth to which Richmond is entitled as a manufacturing center.

Upon an examination of the county revenues it is equally apparent that the territory which it was proposed to take in will furnish ample security for the issue of sufficient bonds to supply the necessary streets, water and gas mains and to lay the necessary sewers. It is also demonstrable that the revenues from such territory will be enough to pay for the police, fire, schools and street departments, and to provide interest on the bonds and sinking fund. There will be each year a deficit on these expenses, estimated at about \$13,000 to \$15,000 which the city of Richmond is amply able to meet out of its current revenues.

The whole problem is crowded with timidity, and though the issue may be delayed the Times-Dispatch does not doubt that the ultimate outcome will be the annexation of Barton Heights, Chestnut Hill and a reasonable territory north of Richmond. Of course, Manchester and Richmond must join hands in the common cause and, equally, of course, they will.

## James Watt.

James Watt, popularly known as the inventor of the steam engine, was born at Greenock, Scotland, January 12, 1736, and died at the ripe old age of eighty-four. He is described as a "wacky" child and being unable to go to school with regularity to a great extent was his own instructor. Beginning life without health and without education, except such as he was able to pick up, to begin with no flattering prospects; yet this man gave to the world his most useful invention, and unlike many inventors, turned it to his own good account. Early in life he showed a talent for mathematics and a great interest in machinery, and at the age of eighteen he went to London to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker. His poor health, however, compelled him to return home about a year thereafter, but he had made good use of his time and his health was partially restored. He set up as a mathematical instrument maker on his own account in Glasgow. The University then came to his aid, and appointed him its instrument maker. In spite of this, however, he was barely able to make a living.

But his misfortune proved to be his salvation, for he turned his attention to engineering, and by reason of that experience became an inventor. It was Professor Robinson, of the University of Glasgow, then a student of that institution, who first directed Watt's attention to steam as a motive power, and two years later a working model of the Newcomen engine, kept for the use of the natural philosophy class in the college, was sent to him to be put in repair. This engine was a cumbersome machine, and not a steam engine at all. It was worked by means of atmospheric pressure, steam being used only in producing by its condensation of vacuum in a cylinder, into which a piston was depressed by the pressure of the air. Watt saw the defect in the machine, and immediately set to work to produce a real steam engine, which he did a little later, and which he improved from time to time until a first class machine was brought forth. He formed a partnership with Boulton in Birmingham and began the manufacture of steam engines in 1775. When he retired, he gave his sons a prosperous business.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has written "A Life of James Watt," and The Times-Dispatch has made arrangements with the publisher to give a few extracts in advance from the forthcoming work. One of these appears in to-day's paper and is instructive. Mr. Carnegie notes that it was fortunate for Watt, and especially so for the world, that he was favored by falling heir to the best heritage of all, "the necessity at an early age to go forth into the world and work for the means needed for his own support." This is a quotation from Mr. Morley and President Garfield is also quoted to the same effect—that "the best heritage to which a man can be born is poverty." Mr. Carnegie adds that his knowledge of the usual effect of the heritage of milliondom upon the sons of millionaires leads him fully to concur with these high authorities, and to believe that it is neither to the rich nor to the noble that human society has to look for its preservation and improvement, but to those, who, like Watt, have to labor that they may live and thus make a proper return for what they receive, as working bees, not drones, in the social hive.

But this does not mean that a man is advantaged by being sent out into the world to earn a living without having had the advantages of an education. A man like Watt will succeed in any event, for Watt was a genius. But the "average man" can give but a poor account of himself if he has been deprived in his youth of the benefits of school training. The earning capacity of a man is doubled, trebled, quadrupled, according to the quality of his education. Of course, this is not true in every instance, but it is true as a rule and it arouses our indignation and resentment when a rich man, knowing this to be a fact, argues that education should not be given to the poor boy because it "makes him dissatisfied with his station in life." Undoubtedly it does, and that is the great value of it. A man who is satisfied will never rise higher. His condition is hopeless. It is only the unsatisfied man, the man with higher desires and aspirations who will rise to a higher level. Education of the right sort gives him that desire and more than that, gives him the means by which he may rise.

## A New Remedy for Consumption.

William W. Canada, American consul at San Cruz, Mexico, in a report to the Department of Commerce and Labor, says: "The Mexican consul-general at Buenos Ayres informs his government that by a late scientific discovery it has been proved that the tapeworm is the natural enemy of the germ of consumption, and that the latter cannot exist when the other is present. He further says that the eminent scientists, Dr. James and J. Maudou, after a profound study of the subject, assert this as a fact in a paper recently laid before the Academy of Science at Paris. The tapeworm is said to prevent the organism from being infected with the bacilli of tuberculosis, and it has been proved in the case of a consumptive affected with tapeworm that he completely recovered his health."

This somewhat startling announcement will cause many conscientious persons to feel ashamed of themselves. No parasite has been so universally ridiculed and maligned as the tapeworm (botriocephalus latus). He has ever been an object of scorn and derision, and the subject of many a rude jest.

For example, a popular member of the Westmoreland Club relates that an acquaintance of his who kept a pet tapeworm in his midst was often seized with a mighty thirst, and that it took four full drinks of cold Black and White to satisfy the craving of himself and his pet, the proportion when the drinks were finally disbursed, being in the ratio of three for the pet and one for his keeper. That sort of thing went on until the tapeworm grew to be as expensive as a political ambition, and the man hit upon a plan. He had reason to believe that the t. w. was no judge of good liquor, and so he purchased a supply of the commonest alcoholic beverage he could find, and bided his time. By and by the inevitable thirst came on. The man rushed for the bottle of cheap liquor, filled a tumbler and as rapidly poured it down his throat. Another tumblerful and another followed in quick succession, until the t. w. thirst was satisfied, after which the man deliberately poured out a gentleman's drink for himself, mixed with it the traditional proportion of White Rock and drank to his comfort.

We relate this story, not because we think it funny, although in saying so, we run the risk of estranging a friend, but by way of showing the contemptible attitude of man towards a beast that now turns out, or in, to be a blessing in disguise, so to speak. We repeat that in the revelation of medical science many conscientious persons will be ashamed of the disrespectful manner in which they have spoken and written of this benevolent parasite, which has been so intimately associated with the human race. The t. w. has a thousand apologies coming to him. But to come to a more important question. Consumption or tapeworm? Which shall it be? Whether "twere better to bear the ill we have or fly to those we know not of. It is a dreadful alternative and the decision must give us pause.

Moreover, there are practical considerations. How can a consumptive contract tapeworm? Tapeworms are born, not made, and one cannot go to a menagerie and purchase a full grown, consumptive-killing specimen ready to hand; and even if one could, how is the elongated parasite to be run in, chained in the right place and put to work? It is awfully perplexing and seems to us utterly impracticable.

Another consideration. Granting that a satisfactory arrangement could be made with a tuberculo-cruiser and granted that he could be conveniently and gratefully located, there's the expense to consider. Many consumptives are poor and are not financially able to keep a tapeworm. Tapeworms come high as well as long. Suppose a man should make a deal with such a thirly demon as that which the Westmoreland member has made famous in story, and suppose the beast would drink nothing but the best Scotch whiskey, or That's All, or some other brand equally expensive, how could a poor man afford it?

These considerations tend to detract from the importance of the Mexican discovery. It may hold out some hope to the rich, but it is a luxury too expensive for the poor man to contemplate.

## The Umpire's Decision.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch and the News Leader are having a controversy over the application of Democratic principles to the primaries to be held in that city. The Times-Dispatch holds that the city, which votes in the primary for city officers should not be required to pledge themselves to vote at the general election for the Democratic candidates who are nominated at the primary for State officers. The News Leader holds a different view. We think the Times-Dispatch has rather the better of the News Leader in the controversy. Tanawell Republican men who vote in the primary are on our side of the case and the Times-Dispatch did nothing more than to present them as they naturally suggested themselves. This is no new question. It matters not so much at this time whether or not there shall be a local primary, but there was a time in the history of Richmond when it made a very serious difference to many local Democrats and such contingencies may arise in the future. The time may come when, for reasons sufficient unto themselves, many of the best citizens of the community who have the true interests of the city at heart may not feel disposed to pledge themselves to support some man whom the Democratic party of the State may put up for office or some man whom the national Democratic party may put up for president. There was a time in Virginia when it was necessary for all white men to stand together and to vote the Democratic ticket whether or not. But, thanks to the late Constitutional Convention, the negro question has been eliminated from our State politics and Virginia voters are more independent than ever. They will not be driven by the party lash. They propose to vote as their conscience and their judgment dictate and they will not be compelled. If they cannot take part in a local contest without assuming distasteful obligations beyond that contest they will simply decline to vote in the primary. That would be a misfortune, and contingencies might arise in which it would be a calamity for Richmond.

For these reasons we are in favor of keeping our local affairs out of the tangle of State politics. Nothing is to be lost by having a separate primary. We will have it in June and get it out of the way before the State primary comes on.

## Anniversary of Appomattox.

Whichever President Roosevelt goes in the South he pauses in his remarks to pay a tribute to the Confederate soldiers. With some speakers and under some circumstances it might be charged that this was done for convenience. But Mr. Roosevelt is not a demagogue and he is not talking for political effect. He speaks the honest sentiment which finds a place in the heart of every brave and generous man. Confederate soldiers were but human beings, and they had their faults. They were by no means perfect men, but as a body they came very near being perfect soldiers—in chivalry, in daring, in patient endurance, in patriotic devotion.

When the war broke out the military spirit was rampant and it was but natural that the young men should rush to arms and implore their officers for active service. In a few months, however, the brave buttons became dim, the tinsel was torn off, the glamour and glitter of the occasion faded away. Then began the four years' struggle, four years of hunger and deprivation of all sorts and suffering intense. Death was a welcome relief, a relief that came to many before the curtain went down at Appomattox. It required far more courage to do than to die, but the survivors to whom Mr. Roosevelt now pays tribute had the courage to live and to continue the struggle to the end.

We speak in a matter of course sort of way of fighting for one's country and

when the time comes most men are willing to make the sacrifice. But the sacrifice is none the less, and it is impossible for him who has not seen active service, who has not been on the long, weary march, who has not stood under a shower of lead, not knowing what moment he would be knocked into eternity, to have full comprehension of what fighting for one's country means. Granting that the men of this generation would do all this and more for their country's cause, the Confederate veterans did make the sacrifice. It is not in theft case a matter of surprise; it is a matter of fact. Each and every man of them offered his life to his country, each and every man of them would have given his life cheerfully for the success of the Confederate cause.

The man who fully realizes this never stands before a Confederate soldier without having a sense of reverence. No matter what he may now be, we honor him for his glorious experience. He is to that extent different from the rest of us. No wonder a man like Roosevelt pays tribute to the true Southern nobility.

## The Mortgage Tax.

The question of taxing mortgages has been a subject of agitation for many years in the State of New York and the Senate has finally passed a bill to subject them not to the general property tax, but to the low rate of 1-2 of 1 per cent. a year. It is further provided that no mortgage shall be recorded except upon the payment of the tax, that no release shall be recorded until all arrears shall have been paid, and that no mortgage can be foreclosed if any tax on it is unpaid. The measure has also been agreed to by the House Republican caucus and will therefore be passed by that body, but there is great opposition to it in New York City and the Governor will be urged to veto the bill.

If mortgages are to be taxed at all this is undoubtedly the way to do it, for in this case the tax would be in the nature of a fee and not in the nature of a general tax upon real estate liens. A mortgage is not property, but merely the evidence of a debt on property, and if the property itself pays all the tax that is assessed against it under the general levy it is manifestly double taxation to tax a mortgage upon it. If the man in whose name the property stands should be taxed only upon the amount that he has paid upon it, then, of course, it would be entirely just to tax the mortgage for the remainder. But this would make a serious complication and for reasons which will suggest themselves to every careful observer the plan would be impracticable. The principle which has been so often proclaimed is that all property should be taxed once, but only once. The government must tax the property wherever it is found and hold the property itself liable for the amount of the tax due.

The argument employed against the exemption of mortgages from taxation is that it relieves the money lender. On the contrary, the burden falls upon the borrower, and it is for that reason that we favor the exemption of mortgages from taxation. The borrower pays the tax and the money lender is relieved. The exemption of mortgages from taxation frequently escapes. But it is asked, how will the exemption of the mortgage help the borrower? The answer is that there is competition in the business of lending money and if mortgages be exempt by law from taxation the rate of interest will be reduced accordingly. We believe that this is one of the surest ways of reducing rents. A prominent builder in Richmond in discussing this question some time ago said that if there were no mortgage tax he would at once begin the erection of a number of residences on vacant lots which he owned; because under such a system he could borrow money at a low rate of interest. But he could not afford to borrow and build when he would be required not only to pay taxes on his property, but to pay an additional tax on the mortgage, for, as he explained, it was, at last, the borrower and not the lender, who paid the mortgage tax; as the lender protected himself by charging a higher rate of interest. The mortgage tax is double taxation and cannot be justified on any fair plan.

## A Word of Warning.

The Norfolk Landmark says: "Some editors are calling for the powers to get together and 'put Japan off.' The powers had better be careful about taking this advice. They pulled Japan off ten years ago at the conclusion of her war with China, and the power chiefly instrumental in pulling her off. The 'put off' is a good thing, on general principles, not to 'bully Japan.'"

Never was a conquering nation cheated out of the rewards of victory as Japan was cheated when she whipped China. At the conclusion of the war she made a treaty with her vanquished foe which was signed, sealed and delivered, in which China gave her a part of Manchuria, including Port Arthur. But Russia, Germany and France made her give up that territory and take money instead. Russia, which it is charged, was responsible for this, furnished the money to China, with which the indemnity was paid and a few years thereafter leased from China that self-same Port Arthur, which Japan had been compelled to give up. It was the worst day's work Russia ever did for herself, for that Russian trick was at bottom the cause of the war which is now raging, a war in which Russia has been whipped at every point, a war which threatens the very downfall of the empire.

Well does our Norfolk contemporary say that the powers had better be careful not to bully Japan this time.

## A Double Experience.

"Though our outward man perish." We would like you to reflect with us over the double experience described by St. Paul in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, in part of the fourth chapter, and which is expressed in a concise form, as follows: "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." It would not be possible to pause before a more serious subject. It is not a question that he puts to us, but The Question. Our fate depends upon the nature and extent of the ex-

perience mentioned here. We all carry it out in its first part; if the second part is not carried out, the balance sheet of our existence shows a deficit.

The outward man perishes. Life itself proves it to us. Its lessons are gratuitous, and yet at the same time costs us very dear. We all learn, at our own expense, by exposing our own petry soul, in the full meaning of the words, that is to say, by losing our body and possessions, that the outward man perishes.

As though to impress itself upon us still more forcibly, the lesson is repeated; to perish, to disappear, is almost a second nature to whoever has taken the habit of living. A superficial opinion is expressed by these words: "We can only die once." How many times do we not die before we die in reality, or rather, before we finish dying? Do we not depart this life with all those whom we have loved? As our treasures pass, more and more, over to the invisible, are not our ties with this side of the grave unloosened, more and more? The boat tied to the river bank is unfastened, little by little; one by one the moorings fall apart. To die is to loosen the last rope. In fact, it is worn out, and when, at last, it gives way, the sails are already filled by a breeze of the far beyond.

Let us suppose that you ignored what such words meant, because you have never never felt a part of your being depart with a loved friend. Yet you will certainly understand inasmuch as you have experienced it, the destruction of the outward man by transformation. Under what shapes have we not disappeared? Does not the young child disappear, to make way for the youth? Ask mothers if this is not so. Watch of them, gazing at the child's face on her lap, so fresh and smiling and enframed in sunny curls, in all the charms of youth, which to childhood, is what the dawn is to the coming day, has not secretly uttered the wish: "Oh, that he could always remain thus!" The young creature, on his side, only asks to grow. Life is happy in his transformation, and finds it easy to bid farewell to his childish days.

Rarely does youth look back upon childhood to regret it. Are not the boundaries of its possessions extended? Has it not gone on, from one conquered country to the other, always richer, always more beautiful, always more living? And yet, when the first hardships of life appear, when the first contact with unkindness or human ugliness is experienced, deceptions that are all the more deeply felt with the heart is fresh and young, does not youth weep for far-off childhood, for its wealth of illusions and its spotless freshness?

When youth is behind us, who can count the many times when the mature man discovers that vital evolution is demonstrated by a series of destructions? When we are no longer the same as we were, is there not something in us that is ended? The oak tree bids good-bye to its old foliage, so that the new leaves may burst forth. We also follow the progress of life, must bid many farewells. Sometimes they are sorrowful—one cannot be transformed without suffering. If these transformations were always to our advantage it would not so much matter; but there are some that are downfall. Listen to the poet singing of the invasion of our hearts by prosaic care and the loss of generous ideas when positive manhood has taken the place of dreaming youth, full of poetry and ideals:

"Il existe, en un mot, chez les trois quarts des hommes.  
 Un poète, mort jeune, a qui l'homme survit."

—A. de Musset.

"There exists, in three-quarters of mankind, (A poet, who died young, and is survived by the man.)"

After maturity, experiences crowd more thickly upon us. We have no sooner reached the top of the hill, when the descent begins on the other side, almost unnoticeable at first, but inexorable, and with a tendency to increase in speed. When we are going up hill the days are counted by our acquisitions. The stages of the descent are marked by our losses. One by one the provinces of our empire are taken away from us. In all the forms of its manifestations, the physical being diminishes. The horizon of our strength becomes narrower. There is a general falling off of our sight, our hearing, our pleasures, our appetite, our movements, our muscular energy and vivacity of our impressions. That is the time when people think that they give up pleasure when they compromise us upon our youthful appearance, because they are astonished to find that we have any youth remaining in us. And the day comes when a man says to himself: "I am no longer the same."

And yet, it is only the beginning of decrepitude, in its mildest form and attenuated preface. There are still some fine remains. We can still stand firmly upon this footing of war that is being prepared. Foot by foot, the ground is disputed with the enemies' scouts, who open hostilities. We emerge from the first encounter, still in a valid condition; we retain confidence in our power of resistance. Meanwhile, the enemy is working secretly against us. The invisible army that is mounting on the assault of our life has not only besieged the doors of the city, but also has friends in the place. In the midst of our own being its catapults are flung and its miners are at work. That is the greatest pity of all. One can be resigned to the decline or physical vigor, but how can we accept

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moral eclipse, intellectual decay? When driven back from bastion to bastion, to the uttermost entrenchments, we shut ourselves up in the heart of the citadel, in the domain of spiritual life, only too often do we find destruction installed in the sanctuary. What has become of that fine intelligence of that vast patrimony of knowledge of that piercing gaze? What has become of our strong will?

Light has given way to twilight and firmness to fear. And of what value to us, in this disastrous liquidation, are the ideas imbibed, wherein the inward man is confounded with brilliant, intellectual attainments or precious virtues? Evidence itself demonstrates it to us: for a few rare and privileged persons who retain, renew and increase their spiritual clearness of mind in the midst of outward decay; how many more there are who founder in intellectual defeat and moral darkness.

Let us pursue the subject still further; there is even worse than that. That we should witness our own destruction, may, perhaps, be looked upon as a fatality, and man may vanquish and overcome fatality by resignation and faith. But some men are themselves the workers of their own destruction. What can console us for the downfall that is caused by our own will, for that devastation that the lover of vanity and of superficial life calls down upon himself? That is no longer only old age, and discouraging—it is bankruptcy, it is suicide. Decay and death no longer appear as the result of inevitable wear, but the truthful and avenging words are carried out: "The wages of sin is death."

Do not say to me: "Those are sayings of old age." It is useless to darken the life of the young. We cannot change this state of things. While we are waiting for our turn to come under the cog-wheel, let us enjoy the present. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Do you not feel what wretched palliatives such counsel offer as to save us from the nothingness that is eating away our lives? What difference is there between the complaints of old men at the quick passing of time and the songs of joy of youth, who only needs the clearness of its eyes and the warmth of its blood to be happy? Is not this joy the source of old men's complaining? Are not these songs the brilliant soprano that is accompanied at the most of the scale by melancholy bass? With such a conception of life, by only looking at visible things and settling down amidst positive matters of fact, all riches are a preface to misery, all wealth is a road to ruin. We arrive to be sent away; we are created to disappear; we grow up to be destroyed. What is the result of all our satisfaction at being here, of all our efforts to remain here, of all the personal desire that fills our days with ambition. To increase our vulnerable surface. Greater is the worldly glorification which surrounds us, more painful will be its downfall.

Man is a candidate for nothingness. That is the whole philosophy of our fate, viewed from a certain standpoint. And I can hear old, disabused Sappho murmur in my ears with her shrill voice: "The life of man, what wretchedness and what a pity!"

Oh, for the goods that moth doth not corrupt and that thieves cannot steal!

CHARLES WAGNER.  
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During a recent revival of religion in Epworth Church, Norfolk, the women started the fashion of sitting with hats off during the service. The Portsmouth Star says that the innovation is so becoming to them and is such an appropriate recognition of the feelings and rights of the other people, that the women intend to continue the custom. Consideration for the feelings of others is mighty good religion and while we say it with fear and trembling, we do say that women, more than men, stand in need of that sort of religion. That is especially true of the women of the South. Southern men treat their women with so much deference and consideration that naturally the women have become more or less selfish, and are not always as considerate as they should be of the rights of men. We hope this religious reform which has begun in the Norfolk church will sweep over the entire State of Virginia. We hope so because that sort of consideration will remove one of the few blemishes in our women, and make them so much the more attractive.

Why did the News Leader print this editorial in its first and leave it out of the last edition? Certainly it does not overstate the case.

"Last night's action of the Council is not likely to be entirely satisfactory to anybody. It was too much expansion for the opponents and far too little for the more enthusiastic supporters. As we have indicated on several occasions, the final result is likely to be a wise compromise between the extremes. At least we have the comfort of feeling that a step has been made in the right direction. Our hope is that Barton Heights, Fairmount and Chestnut Hill will yet be brought in, and that having begun the enlargement of our boundaries, the next move will be to stretch them across the river to include Manchester. Half a loaf is better than no bread."

For two months Mr. Roosevelt's thoughts will leave Santo Domingo, Castro and the obstreperousness of the Senate, and play blithely about nothing but bronchos, mountain lions, western bad men and Indian big chiefs.

At Petersburg, where the czar is to spend the summer, characteristic preparations are being made for the imperial comfort. The tall spiked fence that is being thrown

around the park is said to be guaranteed bomb-proof.

It is significant that the opposition to taking Mr. Rockefeller's \$100,000 gift is coming almost wholly from the younger ministers. How true it is that wisdom comes only with advancing years!

The great Premier diamond, weighing 424 carats, appears to be a splendid illustration of having too much of a good thing. Everybody agrees that the Premier is really a gem, but nobody seems to want it badly enough to give up the price.

Jerry Simpson has bought a sheep ranch in New Mexico and will hereafter wear woolen socks.

Bad weather in Manchuria seems to be the only pacemaker that stops the fighting.

Trust magnates who are encouraging passage to Europe this season do not need rest so much as they do escape from the interrogation points of the grand juries.

If the President proves to be a good wolf hunter in the Southwest, he may do his country a service by practicing on some of the Washington variety when he gets back home.

April seems to be trying to swap paws with March.

Russia has not yet gotten Japan's consent to mobilize another army in Manchuria.

A good deal of cool daylight is being turned on the gas trust, but it has not yet been shown that the gasmen's average profits is much less than two per cent.

It is a cool day when Newport News does not have a launching of some kind, and sometimes a rather cool day in spring when she does have a big one.

## Melancholy Reflections on the Life of a Russian Grand Duke.

He went to bed exhausted, but he didn't sleep a rest much; For his rest was broken up with horrid dreams.

In regard to dynamiting, death, explosions, bombs and such; And he woke at dawn with several curling screams.

Now, the fears that chilled his heart-strings were not wafted from Japan, But his dread was of red anarchistic wrath; No, his thoughts were not Oyama's, as he rose in his pajamas, And advanced among his guardsmen to the bath.

Oh, the guardsmen watched the windows, and the guardsmen watch the door, And the guardsmen watched the ceiling and the wall, And the water in the bath-tub was inspected by some more, And the soap was closely scrutinized by all.

Thus he went through his ablutions in the gazing of the herd— "Twere a deed in my belief for modest shyness; Many men could scarce survive it—(Ah, a bath so little private Must have been of all things trying to his Highness!)"

His breakfast came from heavy cans hermetically sealed, Which he opened up in person with his knife; His heart gained fresher dainties was patrolled by the herd— Let poison introduced should wreck his life.

His exercise was got by pacing down the palace hall, With his Cossacks grouped before him and behind; (Could exercise be horrier than when taken in the corridor?— Why haven't all the Russian dukes resigned?)

Then he donned a suit of armor, drew his great sword from its sheath, He laid a brisk repeater on his knee, Stuck a bowie in his top-top and a dirk between his teeth— And felt about as wretched as could be.

He waited thus till bed-time in a cell of iron-plato, And spider were things his heart loathed; True, he's noted dabbler, but he's now so melancholy, That I kinder hope he'll never get expelled.

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